



H O R A T I O A N D A M A N D A ,

A

P O E M.



©

ADAMANTIO

FOR THE

11



0

9

ADAMANTIO

HORATIO AND AMANDA,

K

A

P O E M.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Miss Mary Young.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBSON, in NEW-BOND-STREET.

MDCCLXXVII.





A

P O E M.

SEQUESTER'D in a verdant rich retreat,
Where lavish Nature pour'd forth ev'ry sweet;
Where Summer with unusual beauty glow'd,
And golden Autumn all her fruits bestow'd;

B

Where chrystal riv'lets flow'd the meads along,
And *Philomela* tun'd her softest song;

HORATIO and AMANDA—matchless pair—

Retir'd from pleasures they disdain'd to share.

The joys of dissipation seem'd to them,

Something as much to pity as condemn.

Their souls for nobler happiness were form'd,

Benevolence and love their bosoms warm'd :

—Love, that heal'd ev'ry care but one—to part !

And made each circumstance engage the heart.

—Love, that esteem had nourish'd from its root,

And bore the tend'rest friendship for its fruit.

Nature with wond'rous skill her part had done,
And mark'd HORATIO for her fav'rite son.

She gave him that insinuating air,
 Which art can never reach, nor words declare;
 She gave him that intelligence of eye,
 Whose silent force might eloquence supply;
 Yet—humble—soft—sincere! the gay, the meek,
 Would gladly all unite to hear him speak;
 He gave a confidence to modest worth,
 Gave life and energy to decent mirth,
 And join'd with dignity such native ease,
 He now seem'd form'd to rule—and now, to please.

AMANDA shone in every female grace,
 And Beauty held its empire in her face.
 The gentlest look—the most bewitching air—
 A smile beyond description and compare;

Simplicity not always known to youth,
 And the pure accents of un sullied truth;
 These were AMANDA'S! in her spotless mind
 Sat Pity, Love, and Innocence combin'd:
 Malice and Envy long in vain had fought,
 To gain one selfish, one injurious thought.

HORATIO, all her humble soul supply'd,
 Nor could the world have drawn her from his side!
 To see his brilliant eye express delight,
 Was more than Summer to AMANDA'S sight;
 To walk *with him* had made a desert gay,
 And smooth'd the steep and rugged mountain's
 way;

To hear him talk—it would such joy confer,
 'Twas more than ev'n the Nightingale to her!

Ah! sweet AMANDA! see the moment near,
 When this enchanting scene shall disappear,
 When this tranquillity shall take its flight,
 And leave the horrors of eternal Night:
 Thy spotless soul, the worst of griefs must prove,
 And patience find a shield for coward Love.

'Tis honor calls HORATIO to the camp,
 And shall thy fears his rising ardor damp?
 No, soft AMANDA ev'ry pang suppress'd,
 And check'd the sigh which struggled in her breast.

But cou'd she from her much lov'd foldier part,
 And bear in solitude a widow'd heart?
 O could she bear to think the barb'rous foe
 Might deal the dire irrevocable blow,
 Might wound the fearless bosom she ador'd,
 Where all her treasure, all her hope was stor'd,
 And strangers should the healing balm apply
 With rough attention, and unmoisten'd eye?

“ O no—she cried, AMANDA shall attend,

“ Her Love, her Lord, her Husband, and her

“ Friend !

“ AMANDA's hand shall dress thee for the fight,

“ Her Love shall soften thy fatigue at night.

“ Shall she in danger quit thy much lov'd side,
 “ To ev'ry care as well as joy allied ?
 “ Could'st thou my heart's remotest dwelling see,
 “ All climes, all places, are the same with thee ;
 “ O, Dear HORATIO ! trust my truth in this,
 “ I'd rather share thy danger than thy bliss,
 “ And could'st thou one, and only one impart,
 “ I'd cherish half thy sorrows in my heart.”

In vain the youth repress'd her tender zeal,
 And told her all the horrors she must feel ;
 How must the tumult fright her gentle ear,
 Unus'd the solemn din of War to hear !
 But now that tongue accustom'd to prevail,
 Found all its powers of elocution fail ;

That eloquence that never fail'd before,
 Preserves its magic influence no more;
 In vain each care and each fatigue is shewn,
 Whilst all her soul is wrapp'd in him alone.
 She pray'd, she wept—at length her wish obtain'd—

They quit the blest retreat where pleasure reign'd,

AMANDA oft the trickling sorrows hid,
 For Love will feign the ease it will forbid:
 Her boding fancy scenes of horror drew,
 And seem'd to bid her take the last adieu.
 The meads that boasted such a fragrant bloom;
 She thought o'erspread with a prophetic gloom,

The very trees in silence seem'd to mourn,
 As if they said—Ye never shall return.
 The streams in doleful murmurs crept along,
 And the sweet Blackbird sung his saddest song.

In vain the Hero with the Lover join'd,
 To sooth the terrors of AMANDA's mind:
 She oft essay'd to speak—a—vain Essay!
 The powers of utterance seem'd dissolv'd away;
 Her eyes alone their eloquence produce,
 And gaze on him, as if 'twas all their use;
 And that the spacious world of him bereft,
 Had nothing for AMANDA—nothing left.

And now the dreadful morn bestow'd its light,
 Alas! how many ne'er shall see the night!
 How many that with health and vigour glow,
 This awful morn shall lay for ever low!
 How many hearts that now for glory beat,
 Shall in the sanguine current lose their heat!

HORATIO! who can tell thy doubtful fate,
 Tremendous Death hath op'd his iron gate:
 O Should'st thou enter with the slaughter'd crew,
 The fatal dart must pierce AMANDA too!
 "Farewell, she cried—O kindest, dearest, best
 "May Heav'n"—a flood of sorrow spoke the rest.

Thrice, to each other's arms they fondly sprung,
 While mute affliction ty'd each fault'ring tongue;
 Thrice did they fondly gaze—'tis o'er, —'tis past!
 —That look—O poor AMANDA—was thy last!

And now the Sons of Mars embattled meet,
 And hungry Death prepares his savage treat;
 Glory inspires each unexperienc'd sword;
 The Hero now is in his Son restor'd:
 And now the Father— now the Brother dies,
 While groans, and shouts of conquest rend the
 skies.

HORATIO dealt destruction all around,
 And tumbled youth and valour to the ground ;
 But fortune guides an unsuspected ball—
 Belov'd HORATIO! thou art doom'd to fall!
 On the cold earth he soon resign'd his breath,
 And look'd like Vict'ry in the arms of Death.

AMANDA spent the day in ardent prayer,
 And wept and watch'd with unremitting care ;
 'Twas evening now—and no HORATIO came!
 A mortal horror chill'd her tender frame :
 —“ Where is HORATIO ?” often would she say,
 But none could clear her anxious doubts away,

None could the sad catastrophe reveal;
 But Silence told what Pity would conceal.

Unable now her anguish to contain,
 She sought the bloody mansions of the slain;
 O'er mangled heaps in trembling haste she flew,
 A scene of grief and horror known to few!
 But savage Death had such confusion made,
 In vain the bleeding havock she survey'd;
 She look'd with grief, confusion and despair—
 —Nor form, nor feature was distinguish'd there.

But as she turn'd away with frantic eye,
 She heard her faithful dog in anguish cry;

And as the wretched beast prolong'd his whine,
 She turn'd—and saw him on the earth recline.
 Close by a cold disfigured corpse he lay,
 And seem'd a mournful reverence to pay:
 With anxious care she view'd the mangled face,
 But no resemblance could her fancy trace;
 'Till gazing on the wrist, her eye was caught—
 —Some work she saw, that once her fingers
 wrought,
 The pattern still she knew, tho' stain'd and torn,
 And knew the precious hand on which 'twas worn.
 Upon the mangled corpse herself she threw,
 And clasp'd the bosom bath'd in chilly dew;
 The hand she press'd in anguish, o'er and o'er,
 And kiss'd the lips she knew would ope no more.

“ Take me, she cry’d, thou dear disfigur’d
earth;

“ The world can ne’er restore thy matchless
worth;

“ All pale and cold, and mangled as thou art,

“ Thou’rt all the treasure of AMANDA’S heart.

“ O precious relique! all that’s left me now—

“ —To part again AMANDA can’t allow!

“ Take me thou bleeding earth—one grave shall

“ join,

“ And make thee—(spite of Fate) for ever mine.

“ Thine own AMANDA shall in death attend,

“ For her’s is not a love for chance to end.

“ In the damp grave thou shalt be her's alone,

“ —O bless'd AMANDA!—he is still thy own!

“ Nor friends, nor foes shall part thee from his
side,

“ Nor that malignant arm by which he died.”

And then again,—she press'd the lifeless clay—
As if her soul had nigh dissolv'd away :

—Then with a sigh, serene, resign'd her breath,

—No purer spirit ever smil'd on death!

Heaven saw, with gracious eye, such virtuous
love,

And Angels bore it to the realms above.

F I N I S.

is

l,

ous